



The Last Rose (Language and trigger warning!!!)



👁 24 ✓ 0 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by Litzun

Chapter 1 (Oliver Human)

My brother, Dylan, and I ran out of the halls, hand in hand. I smiled at him. The final bell rang for winter break and we wanted to get out of there as fast as we possibly could. I ran for my gold Buick LeSabre.

“Hurry up! I wanna get to the house!” I urged. Dylan and I were both Juniors at Tanque Verde High in Tucson. If you hadn’t guessed it, we’re twins. Fraternal to be exact. Dylan had dark brown hair and green eyes. I had dirty blonde hair and blue eyes. Besides those, our facial structures were different. But if you looked very closely, you could tell we were related. It was good that not many people looked closely at us though. But you’ll find out why later.

Dylan and I lived at a house for drug dealers. Our parents left us when we were 10, so we lived on the streets for about two years. Then we met our boss, Nico. He never gave us a last name, just insisted we call him Nico. We never questioned it and he never wanted to answer anyway. He found us one day wandering in the alley behind the house. He offered to take us in as long as we help him sell. We obviously agreed. We needed a home and money. We’ve lived there ever since.

“Can you believe that it’s already winter break? It feels like the school year just started.” Dylan said.

“I know! Crazy how fast time flies by, huh?”

“Yeah. Hey, I wonder what Nico has for us.”

“Same!” I dragged out the vowel. “Do you think someone new will be coming again?”

“Maybe. You know Nico, he has someone new every month.” And that wasn’t a lie.

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The wall of our humble abode was covered in posters of old and new bands. Dylan and I danced at each other. He walked over to a chair and sat down. I immediately noticed that was a bad idea.

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“Ahem.” I coughed, loud enough to make Tom and George stop bickering so much. “Who did what this time?”

“Tom,” George pointed. “Took the last Oreo, the one I was saving for today! He has no right to take my Oreo’s!”

“Oh please! It’s just an Oreo! I’ll buy you another thing of them if it means that much to you!” And then they started fighting again.

“Enough! Holy cow! If I didn’t know better, I’d think you two were an old married couple. Is Nico here?” They both shook their heads. “Then I suggest you work through it like the adults you are before I work through it for you.” I gave them a death look and walked away. I’ve pretty much been assigned the task of keeping order in the house if Nico wasn’t here. Dylan saw how peeved off I was when I walked in.

“Again?” He asked, referring to the last time that I had to deal with something that stupid.

“Yeah. Why can’t people in this house get over anything?!” I put my head in my hands and sighed. Dylan pet my back.

“They’ll learn eventually. It just takes some time.”

“Yeah, like two years long? They’re more adult than I am in sense of age, but in sense of maturity, you, me and Nico are the most mature in this house and it sucks!”

“Well, that’s just how the world works. It will come together in time, no worries.”

“I hope you’re right.” Dylan and I sat for about ten minutes, just enough for me to calm down. We walked downstairs to play some Battlefield 4. Hours upon hours were wasted on me destroying Dylan, and other people across the states. When it came to video games, I was one of the best. I’m a huge nerd when it came to technology and card games, and even anime. I was okay with it. Nico walked in with a girl on his arm. She was bigger than the others. About the average size someone her age should be. She wore a red tee with a black leather coat. She had booty shorts on that were white with studs on one side and ripped at the ends. Beneath that, she had black and white tights on. To top off her outfit was a pair of shiny black combat boots. She had auburn hair that reached her shoulders and her eyes were green. In her right hand, she had an animal carrier. My eyes directed to it.

“Oh,” She looked somewhat surprised. “Hi there! I’m Mikky. Nice to meet you!” She peeled off of

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"He's so cute! Can I pet him?" Mikky nodded. I slowly made my way to the cat. I put out my hand, careful that it wouldn't bite or scratch me. But instead, he sniffed my hand and put his head in it. I giggled.

"Come on Oliver, let's go to your new room." The cat followed Mikky's orders and got into the cage again. "It was nice meeting you."

"Same here." With that, Mikky walked upstairs with Nico. Nico flashed us a warning look before he left. I looked at my watch. "I've got to make dinner, I'll be right back." I got up and walked to the kitchen. I figured I would make something special for the new person, so I gathered up some noodles, vodka sauce, and meat. I always used beef, if not chicken. I quickly whipped together my famous spaghetti.

"Get in here!" I shouted. "Dinner's ready!" Eight people soon came into the dining room.

Chapter 2

Dylan helped me with the dishes that night. Everything was going fine, until I felt like I was being watched. I put down the rag and a plate and turned around. Mikky's cat was on one of the barstools watching me. I swear that I could hear its purrs. My eyes widened.

"Shoo! Go away! Go be with Mikky!" I grabbed a dry dish towel and brushed it toward him. Oliver's wide blue eyes stared. He didn't move an inch. His tail flicked back and forth, but he stayed right on that barstool.

"You okay?" Dylan asked.

"The cat." I said quietly. "The cat will not leave me alone. It's just sitting there, staring at me." I turned to Dylan. "Make it stop. Make it go away. It's freaking me out."

"Alright. I got this." He picked up the cat and carried it away. I heard him knock on Mikky's door saying that Oliver got out of his cage. I sighed when I heard Mikky's apology. Dylan came down and told me what Mikky had told him.

"She said it happens all the time. Like he's some kind of mastermind. She said not to worry about it." I nodded my head and finished as fast as I could. I walked upstairs to change when I heard voices behind Mikky's door. I pressed my ear close to it to listen who it was. At first, I thought it was Nico, but then I listened more and realized it wasn't. This person's voice was softer yet

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"Maybe because I like her? Maybe I'm curious about who she is? I was distracted anyway. What did you expect me to do?"

"I don't know! Maybe act like a cat!" At this I knocked on the door, wondering who Mikky was talking to.

"Mikky?" I said.

"Coming! Just give me a minute!" thirty seconds later, the door swung open.

"Who were you talking to?"

"Uh... No one. I was on... um... Skype."

"Okay. Well, I was just about to change and was wondering if you wanted to come by later and hang out? You know, being one of the few female people in the house and all." I chuckled a little.

"Uh... yeah, sure. That sounds cool!"

"Alright, see you in a bit then. You do know which room is mine, right?"

"I believe so. Is it the one second to the left?" I nodded. "Alright." I walked back to my room and slipped on a black tank top and navy blue pajama shorts. About five minutes later, I heard a knock.

"Hey!" I said as Mikky entered.

"Hi there! So, what exactly did you want to talk about?"

"I just wanted to get to know you, that's all."

"Alright." She sat on my brothers bed. "Shoot away."

"Well, I find the number one way to get to know someone is by what they listen to. So what's your favorite type of music and/or bands?"

She thought about this for a minute before answering. "I like Sleeping With Sirens, Panic! At The Disco, Pierce the Veil, and My Chemical Romance. Stuff like that. What about you?"

"Pretty much the same stuff. So where did you meet Nico?"

"Well, I met Nico on Tera. We found out we lived near each other and decided to meet in person. After that, we just got to know our human-selves more than our online-selves."

"Cool. Uh, so can you tell me about Oliver? Like where you met him? What breed is he?"

"I found Oliver in an alley when he was little. He is a pure breed American Shorthair."

"Okay, and can you tell me why he can talk?" Mikky stopped and stared.

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Anything else?

Note: If you have any diff

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Mikky nodded and walked over to the door. "I'll be back in a bit." She said and walked away. Then gave me a quick peck on the cheek before she left the room.

"You okay there, Alice?" He asked.

"Yeah. I'm just not feeling so hot right now." Dylan rubbed my shoulder and left. He came back with a glass of water and handed it to me.

"Thanks." I took five large gulps and set it on my night stand. We stayed still and silent for about ten minutes. I finally broke the silence. "I think Mikky is up to something."

"Yeah? How so?"

"I don't know. I can just feel it." And with that, I slowly fell asleep. I felt like I was awake, but then I didn't. I woke back up at about two in the morning. I felt a weight at the end of my bed. I looked up and saw a boy sitting at the end staring at me. I let out a small gasp and sat up. I rubbed my eyes and looked back to find Oliver at the end. I stared at the small tabby for what seemed like forever. He stared right back at me. I finally worked up the nerve to pick him up and carry him out of the room. I dropped him outside the door and closed it before he could get in. I kind of closed the door with a slam, because Dylan woke up. I pecked his cheek and reassured that it was all fine and climbed back into bed.

Chapter 3

"Hey! Get up! We have work to do!!!" Nico pounded on the door. I groaned and sat up slowly. I grabbed a black and white long sleeved shirt, black ripped shorts, a few bracelets, a choker and heart necklace, as well as my Harry Potter Converse and my snake ear-cuff. I walked out to change in the bathroom. I had to be quick, as I usually was when it came to getting ready in the mornings. I quickly curled my long dirty blonde hair and put on some eyeliner. I made sure to make it drip slightly at the corner. I walked down and grabbed a piece of toast without saying anything. I quickly grabbed my small black hand bag and ran outside, I didn't want to deal with Nico or anyone right at that moment. Dylan hadn't taken the car just quite yet, so it still had some frost on the windshield. I scrapped it off, (not exactly my favorite job in the world.) and climbed in. The cloth seats weren't cold, to my relief.

Slowly, I backed out of the driveway, hoping that no one would see me or hear me. I drove blindly for about fifteen minutes. That's when I realized I had ended up at my old house. I parked the car in front of the old tan house. I sat in the car for what felt like forever. A hoard of bad

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placed itself on my father's shoulder, pulling him back to reveal my mother.

"You little freak, I think we should just put you in the cellar." She glanced back to my father and they both nodded. Soon, I was being dragged by my hair to the basement door. I screamed pleads and cries to not put me in there. But they kept dragging me. Dylan was already beat to a crumpled heap on the wall. But I watched, as he gathered all his might, he stood, ran at my father and jumped on him. Everything went black when my head was dropped.

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I shook my head and brought my mind back to the present. I gathered all those lost memories and stashed them in the back of my head. I got back into the old LeSabre and drove towards my target area; Downtown. It wasn't as far as some people complained it to be. It only takes me about ten minutes from where ever I am at. Then again, I'm a speedy driver. I pulled into a small café called Brew. I nodded to the owners and walked to the back of the small store. Everything was starting to be packed up as the owners had bought a different building for it's location. The kitchen smelled of coffee and panini's, and I couldn't help but grab a small panini on my way out. The back was a simple alley with a green dumpster.

"Hey," I raised my voice so that someone could hear me. "I got your stuff."

"Over here." A tiny voice sounded on the other side of the dumpster. I walked to the other side of the dumpster to find a small child. He wore a black hoodie and black skinnies. His hair was dyed pink with points that were showing his natural chesnut hair color. I smiled, remembering when I first tried. I was about thirteen when I tried. I thought it was vile at first, but it gave me such a rush that I wanted to continue.

"How old are you?" I asked the boy. I never really talked to my clients except to tell them how much they owed me.

"Fourteen," He said.

"Is this your first time trying this stuff?" I asked, holding up a small bag filled with my favorite white powder.

"Yeah. I just kinda needed an escape, and when I asked around people said that Nico had the best stuff, so I called and here we are I guess."

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"Alright, come on then." I grabbed the back of his neck gently and led him back through the small shop. "What's your name kid?"

"James."

"Nothing else?" He shook his head and we climbed into my car. We drove in silence and all I could think was, please let Nico let him stay. Nico did it once, he can do it again.

Chapter 4

"Please Nico! He has nowhere else to go!" I begged. Nico found James not to long after we got back. I tried sneaking him upstairs before Nico saw him, but he was walking out at the same time we were walking in, so I couldn't do anything.

"I said no! He needs to leave, now!"

"You brought us in! Why can't you let him stay?!" Nico's face turned stern.

"I brought you in because I knew your parents! I knew how horrible they were to you guys and I chose to bring you in!"

"Then why did you wait?"

"Because I didn't have anything when you guys were put out there. I wasn't ready to take care of you."

"Fuck, Nico!" I shook my head. "Stop getting me distracted! I can take care of him, I don't want him out on the streets like we were! Please, just for one month, and if you don't like him here, he can leave! I will find people to take care of him! Please, I'm begging you." I looked into his eyes, hoping that he would let James stay. Nico didn't say anything for about five minutes. "Nico! Fuck, answer me!"

He flinched and sighed. "Fine. One month, and that's it. If he steps out of line in any way, he's out. Jesus. You are so crazy sometimes."

"Thank you. Now was it that hard?" I asked.

"Yes, yes it was. Because now, we need to supply for him."

"Just trust me, okay? I have this all under control." I walked out of the kitchen to the living room. James was sitting on the brown couch, headphones in to block everything out. I tapped his shoulder. He pulled out one earbud and looked at me questionably.

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"Oh yeah, and you will need to go to school as well. You can come to my school."

"Why do I have to go?" He asked as I led him upstairs to my room.

"Because, I don't want you to get a truant and it's something Nico is hard pressed on. Everyone underage needs to finish high school. He doesn't care how, you just need to get your diploma."

"I haven't been to a school for six months. I'm not going back."

"You need to."

"Well then it looks like I won't be staying." James stopped in his place and crossed his arms. I sighed.

"Please? I was your age when Nico brought me in, is it too much to ask for you to go to school?"

"Yes it is. I have been beat at the schools that I went to. I am not going back." He said and turned to walk out. I grabbed his hand, not letting him go.

"You won't at this school, I promise. The new semester starts in two weeks, and you will go with me. I will make it so that no one will hurt you." He looked me up and down and nodded his head.

"Fine. But once someone lays a finger on me, I'm out."

"Okay. Trust me, they won't though."

"We'll see." And with that, I let go of his hand. I continued to lead him to my room. My room was in a slight mess, but it was manageable.

"You can take my bed, and I will be with Dylan."

"Ok."

"And we can go shopping this week for some clothes and stuff."

"Yeah, sure." He sat on my bed and looked around.

"Is there something specific you wanted?" I asked cautiously. James shook his head and laid down. I walked out and went downstairs in search of my brother. Dylan hadn't come in during the fight between me and Nico, and I definitely did not see him going upstairs at all. I heard chatter in the backyard and went to look. I stopped at the door when I saw Mikky. She wore a navy blue tank top and a coat to cover herself. Black and blue floral tights were found under her flowing skirt with matching blue Doc Martins. She wore an angel wing necklace with blue earrings and a matching ring. (Her Outfit) She was talking angrily at someone. This time, I could just barely see who it was. He wore a black and white long sleeve shirt, and I could just barely

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“Oliver, she’s not. Ok? We have talked about this long before. She is not the one.” A tail perked up and out, to where I could see it. At least, it looked like a tail.

“She is though! Please let me talk to her. Or at least let me meet her, like I am.”

“No. I told you you shouldn’t even be in this form until we move again.”

“But it’s so boring, Mikky! I need to get out, move! Be a human, or at least as much as I can!” I peeked my head further to see him better. I caught one of his eyes, and it was a pure caramel gold. He glanced my way, making brief eye contact. I gasped, covering my mouth and backing away from the sliding door. I ran up the steep flight of stairs and rushed for the bathroom.

Locking the door behind me, I slid down and shook. The guy, Oliver I believe, Mikky was talking to, he didn’t seem normal. He looked almost evil. His yellow eyes flashed behind my closed eyes. I forced my eyes open, realizing that my body was relaxed. I stiffened myself up, wrapping my arms around my legs, hugging them to my chest. Reaching in my pocket, I pulled out a blade and sliced lightly across my skin. The blade gracefully opening my skin. The way that Oliver looked at me, it made me feel like I was in danger. But it gave me the presence of safety.

A light knock caused me to lift my head up. I stood up quietly, not wanting to make any noise. I unlocked the door, cracking the door enough to have one eye out of the door. Mikky stood at the door, her dark hair pulled back, carving her features from her defined face. Her green eyes peered at me, worry flashing across them. I opened the door a little more, exposing myself to her more, hiding my wrists.

“Can we talk?” She asked. I nodded and closed the door. Rummaging for some bandages, I cleaned and wrapped my wrists and came back out. I straightened myself out and followed her back out. She led me back to her room where Oliver laid, sleeping soundly. I stopped in the doorway, not wanting to get any closer. Mikky bent down and whispered to the cat.

“You can change now, she’s here.” She whispered. Oliver was soon glowing. The light was soon too intense. I covered my eyes and looked away, only to find the room was dark again. I looked at the place where the cat was supposed to have been. Instead, a boy sat where the cat was. He wore the black and white shirt, as well as a vest and gray gloves. He had black skinnies and matching converse high-tops. But his outfit wasn’t what was caught my attention, it was his black ears, peeking out of his hair.

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Chapter 9

I stumbled back eyes wide, but I was as if my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. I tightened and my

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vision blurred. Oh no, not again... I thought as I fell into black darkness. My mind soon faded with my vision, all the way back to the one place I swore I would never go back.

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"You know this little bitch is going to break us apart one day, right? It's best to get it over with right now while we still can." a musical voice said. The tall woman glanced down at me and back to the scruffy looking man in front of her. The man, I soon recognized as my father pulled a gun up towards my head, right in the middle of his eye. A siren's sound caught their attention, not too far from the house. My parents looked at each other and down at the gun. Frantically, my father hid the gun under the fireplace sill and my mother helped me up, putting me on the couch gently. She grabbed a bag of ice from the freezer and placed it on my swollen eye.

Knock, knock, knock. They straightened up and walked to the door, giving me a warning look. I nodded just the slightest bit and sat upright. I knew the story they wanted me to tell. Bullies, I reminded myself. I heard small chatter, and then I saw the officer walk in.

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